THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853. | WHOLE NO. 1677.

Choice Poetry.

ODE—AUTUMN.

I saw old Autumn, in the misty morn,
Stand shadowless, like silence listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;
Shaking his languid locks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet with golden corn.
Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,
Op'ning the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence waken up as one,
And morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds? Away, away,
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lest owls should prey
Undazzled at noon day,
And tear with horny beak their lustrous eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the West,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
Where the mild Eve by sudden night is prest
Like tearful Proserpine, snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.
Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the mossed elm, three on the naked lime
Trembling—and one upon the old oak tree!
Where is the Dryad's immortality?
Gone into mournful cypress and dark yew,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel gloats on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garners with ripe grain,
And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,
And sighs her tearful spells
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,
Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone,
With the last leaves for a love rosary,
Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past,
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly things will steal the last
Into that distance, grey upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and be o'ershaded
Under the languid downfall of her hair:
She wears a coronal of flowers faded
Upon her forehead and a face of care:
There is enough of withered everywhere
To make her bower—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of sadness to invite,
If only for the rose that died—whose doom
Is Beauty's—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light;
There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter fruits the earth doth bear—
Enough of chilly droppings for her bowl;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her cloudy prison for the soul!

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS: A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

[illegible]

her's projected trip down the river and bay. Not for one day at home or abroad had little Maud been left unvisited by her secret enemy. Nor should she be so left upon this day of pleasure.

With the surpassing subtlety of insanity, Norah managed, on the 15th of July, to conceal herself on board the boat. She accompanied the party down the bay. She thought the island would afford a good opportunity for the accomplishment of her purpose.

When the boat landed at Pine Island, she lurked in her hiding place until every one of the party had debarked, and had gone up to the centre of the grove, and were hidden by the trees. And still she lingered, waiting for Satan to send her an opportunity of getting to the land unseen. The opportunity came. One of the engineers, who had assisted in rowing over a skiff full of provisions, returned to the steamboat, and went down below to remain. She ascertained that all was lonely on the steamer, and on the beach of the isle. Creeping from her lair like a beast of prey, she found that no human being was in sight. Letting herself down over the side of the boat, she dropped into the skiff, unhooked the chain from the end, took the paddle, and swiftly sped to the beach, got out, sent the skiff adrift, and plunged into the woods.

Not fifteen minutes after that the engineer came on deck, and saw the end of the boat chain dangling in the water, and the skiff adrift. Entirely unsuspicious of the cause, he cursed his own carelessness for not securing the fastenings, and blew a horn, and telegraphed to the fishing-party he saw just coming down the beach, to come out and recover the skiff; which they did without mistrust.

Norah haunted the woods. But the day advanced, and no opportunity presented itself of consummating her vengeance. Once she found Stella walking alone in the grove with the [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

BERZELIUS.

This celebrated Chemist was born at Vafversunda, in Ostgothland, in 1779, died, 1848. At the age of eighteen, Berzelius became the pupil of Afzelius. Having passed his examination, and served for some years as an assistant, he at length graduated at Upsal, in 1804. He then became Chemical assistant to Sparrman, the lecturer on Natural Philosophy at Stockholm; and upon the death of his master, in 1806, he was appointed to fill his chair. Berzelius was the first continental chemist who introduced experiments into his lectures, and thus, as may be supposed, his school became exceedingly popular.

Pictures of Life.

THE SENSITIVE MOTHER.

"When you are married, Isabel, and have children of your own, you will then know how much I love you."

"I know you love me, dear mother. If I did not acknowledge and understand your love, what should I be but the most ungrateful of living beings?"

"No one who is not a mother herself, can rightly understand a mother's love. What you feel for me, and what you fancy I feel for you, comes no nearer the reality, Isabel, than the chirp of the sparrow does to the song of the nightingale. The fondest child does not fully return the love of the coldest mother."

Tears came into Isabel's eyes, for her mother spoke in tender, querulous accents of uncomplaining wrong, which went to the daughter's heart. Mrs. Gray was one of those painfully introspective people who live on themselves; who think no one loves as they love, so one [illegible]

[illegible]

mother. "Yet it is one which, by the nature of things, must be borne. We can not expect to keep you with us always; and although it will be a dark day to us when you are gone, yet if it is for your happiness, it ought to be so for ours. Tell me, Bell: what answer do you wish me to give?"

"Will he not wait a little time yet?" and the girl crept closer to her father.

"I see I must act without you," he said, smiling, and patting her cheek.

"Poor Charles!" she half-sighed.

Her father smiled still, but this time rather sadly, and said: "There, go back to your mother, child. You are a baby yet, and do not know your own mind better than a girl who has to choose between two toys. You do not know which to leave, and which to take. I must, it seems, choose for you."

"Oh, papa!"

"Yes—you need not look so distressed. Trust to me, and meanwhile—go; your mother will be wearying for you."

Although this little scene had sunk an old sorrow deeper into his heart, Mr. Gray was, when he joined the family, calm, almost merry. He challenged Charles to a game of bowls on [illegible]

[illegible]

affectionately," and "would be always her friend."

Isabel did not die. She did not even marry another man out of spite, as many women have done. She looked ill; but was always cheerful when she spoke, and declared that she was quite well. She was more than ever tender and attentive to her father; and she went out much less among even the quiet society of their quiet home; but read a great deal, and without effort or pretension she lived out her sweet poem of patience and duty and womanly love.

Selected Articles.

GEORGE WILSON.

A few years since, as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford, there came running to him a poor boy, of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine, intelligent eye fixed the attention of the gentleman, as the boy inquired,

"Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him, and learn him to read?"

"Whose boy are you, and where do you live?"

"I have no parents," was the reply, "and have just run away from the work-house, because they would not teach me to read."

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates, by faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed the use of his friend's library, and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary, after [illegible]

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

NEWPORT AGAIN—HAHANY

THE WHOLE WORLD'S NEWS.

New Publications.

PARISIAN GOSSIP.

FRENCH IDEAS OF AMERICANS.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THIS POST ARE ORIGINAL WITH THIS PAPER AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance—$3, if not paid within the year.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Back numbers can always be supplied.

Letters on the business of the office should be addressed to the Post Office.

Letters for the Editor should always be sent in address. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, to receive a premium, will please state in their letter, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will notice another change in the Post Office address of this paper, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons communicating letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as the name of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers discontinued at the expiration of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We find, nevertheless, that over Walnut beach, and found it beautiful exceedingly. There he was married to one of the early English settlers, and died at Rehoboth. It is had been owned by the Jones, as a favorite spot, for many years, and therefore been supposed, it is difficult to conceive why they should not have given it their name. Jones Beach is one of the best sea-bathing places on the coast, and it is difficult to see why it should not be called after the Jones, rather than after a man who, so far as we know, has no claim to it, except the right to destroy it by fire. If it were the present practice of the United States to name its places after the men who have destroyed them, Washington, Philadelphia would be more reason for supposing that the Newport Town had been named by some zealous Red Indian.

Now, the reasons for erecting a windmill upon Jones, are the reasons for having it in Jones. It is a common practice everywhere to build a conspicuous spot some pleasant, and, therefore, a frequented place. Windmills are generally erected for the purpose of grinding corn, and the early settlers of Rhode Island were much in the habit of consuming large quantities of corn. To avoid these, and also to furnish a convenient mode of extending the grain, by driving the human machinery, they built a windmill on the first door, the mill was raised on a stone pillar, some ten feet from the ground.

As corroborative evidence of this conjecture, if proof were of the least use, we may add the fact that a story has been spoken of, from the earliest settlement of the Town, that the will of Governor Benedict Arnold—probably because of the traitor—was in 1677, called in "My Brother Arnold's Will," in the town of Newport unceremonial.

Originally, in its gilded condition, "The Hebden in Arnot," of course adopts—with a practical Boston (his-name)—the more romantic title. He makes his bold "Hebden" a

> "Tower works the Westward born,
> And when the storm was wire,
> Looked, to this very hour,
> Stormbeaten to leeward
> "There, by my lady's bower,
> Built I this lofty tower,
> Look, to this very hour,
> Stands looking seaward."

Now, this is very fine, there is no denying it much, in any one who has seen the tower, is it also rather ridiculous. This "*lofty tower*," built for a Sea King's lady, is scarcely thirty feet high—counting, of course, the ten-foot pillars—and some twenty acres feet in diameter. While, viewed as a lady's bower, it is a somewhat open structure, with walls a foot and a-half thick, in one of the walls, it has recorded it contained something slight and sentimental, but very—the not graceful, with the idea of a "bower" and child the poet would have seen the better we have pictured this tower as the rough, strong work of some lady-subject of the rude Northmen, that the "bower" of a willing bride. In view of the facts of the case, and the inappropriateness of the use to which Mr. Longfellow—when genius we have a high admiration—has put the old Stone Mill, we would advise an amendment of the passage in question, to the next edition of its poems. How would the following answer, our readers?

> There works we Westward born
> And when the storm was wire,
> Lonpard on hold Hebden's tower,
> Stormbeaten to leeward
> There, with her own well,
> Built I into a bower;
> And then, to grant her love,
> Needful to need as more,
> Reared up this sturdy tower,
> For this fair lady's sake.

Of course, the "bower" being built of wood like almost all the dwellings at Newport, might lately be taken down, and the timber used up into common cash. While the name of it is about might reasonably be supposed to be derived from the name of a lady, and therefore undoubtedly was Rhode—and a most appropriate name, too, in the original Rhode-island, (Rose-Isle), for the wife of a gentleman—"a rose," in any nothing of bearing.

But the most remarkable object of interest at Newport, which we might fairly allude to in this connection, we have not done not permit. We rescued to the subject principally through the Old Stone Mill, knowing that to say nothing of the monument in a letter upon Newport, was like writing a description of Walnut, and omitting all allusion to the Sentinel.

And this element naturally brings us to the consideration of the very pink and perfume of the Boston aristocracy. Whether attended thither by a sweet desire to sympathy for a precious as often honored by the visits of the King of Sergeons, or repelled from its *chic*, Kerrigan, "Boston is the city of originality unrobed," whatever may be the reason, the trunk of trunks, Kahani is now said to be the chosen retreat of the very elite of the elite of Boston. We promulge this fact to our serenely benevolent and unbiased, the world, with considerable hesitation. We know the effect probably will be to flood Kahani next year with such a flood of visitors, as to make its present select-ness forgiveness throw up their hands and leave in despondency. Kahani and Canada, and not whether there is not one spot left on the continent of North America, sacred from the intrusion of the vulgar herd. But, notwithstanding the almost certainty of such direful consequences, the duty to our readers is paramount. *Find Jasmine rose odious*—which means, *Find jasmine and the rose odious*—which means, *Find jasmine and the rose odious*—which the upper-most hill upon our devoted Island of Rhode, we may remark, shall be our route through the scenes of pleasure and of fashion. If the present one be our last!

But to return to Kahani. Whittier long ago sang its glory, in golden verses, which probably not more than one in ten of our readers have heard:

> "Kahani, the beach is hoisted!
> A fan-like through the up-rung waves,
> Along where rings the opening gale
> For fish and country produce brave,
> Of the living Old Colonist's generation past
> While by sound and outlawed decks,
> And the green vine was running dance,
> Come up and down the lounging rocks.
> Around—the blue and white of spray
> Above—a cloudless rich, no fell,
> Beneath—the rich, with golden spray,
> The ship Jamaica bowed.
> Of people north both never found.
> Their country's president !!!

Now, this is very fine, and very true, and very good, and very beautiful, and very—in short, every thing that could be desired, but it is not poetry. Whittier is decidedly of mixed, confusing nature. He is a Quaker, and a poet, and a politician, and a Democrat, and a Free-soiler, and a Whig, and a Locofoco, and a Native American, and a Catholic, and a Protestant, and a Jew, and a Gentile, and a Mormon, and a Mahometan, and a Fire-worshipper, and a Hindoo, and a Chinese, and a Japanese, and a Turk, and a Persian, and a Russian, and a Prussian, and a Dane, and a Swede, and a Norwegian, and a Pole, and a Hungarian, and a Bohemian, and a Spaniard, and a Portuguese, and a Frenchman, and a Dutchman, and a Belgian, and a Swiss, and a Tuscan, and a Roman, and a Neapolitan, and a Sicilian, and a Sardinian, and a Greek

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1853.

General News.

WAGES IN GERMANY.

A correspondent of the New York Post, writing from the South of Germany, says there is no part of life in Europe which strikes one as more lamentable than the extremely low wages which are paid to labor—common labor.

In Wurtemburg a servant gets from $20 to $30 per year, boarding and lodging included, (from 50 to 75 guilders.) A servant girl gets $3 to $16 per annum, and found; the higher wages being paid for cooks. The common daily wages are from 20 to 40 kreutzers, or from 20 to 27 cts. per day, without boarding.

I have before me a table of "harvest prices" fixed by the "Common Council," and officially published, which is as follows:

To cut 1 acre of winter grain, without wine and bread,	3 15	$1 30
To cut 1 acre of winter grain, with three quarts of wine and bread,	2 45	1 10
To cut 1 acre of summer grain, without wine and bread,	2 36	1 04
To cut 1 acre of summer grain, with three quarts of wine and bread,	2 12	86
To mow 1 acre of oats,	2 00	80

On inquiry, I learn that it is a very fair day's labor to cut ¾ of an acre of winter grain, meaning grain sown in the fall. The wine spoken of above is a very light wine, and the above calculation allows a quart per day. A working man here, will never work without having either wine, cider, (the cider here is very good,) or beer, and that of the best. The men and women work cheerily in the field, and they often enliven their toil with cheerful songs. Girls do much of the field labor here, and men like it better to work in their company.

It would be giving you a false impression, if I were not to add, that a kreutzer goes as far as a cent with us, and a guilder is fully equal to a dollar. The above wages are therefore equal to 80 cts. a day in America. In factories, and for mechanics, a higher grade of wages is paid, and as a general rule, it may be stated that all kinds of wages are rising.

The Government maintains, in my native city, a House of Correction. It contains about 100 laboring men. These may be hired by private persons in gangs of 15 hands, whom an armed guard always accompanies, for 14 kreutzers a day, with wine and bread, or 22 kreutzers without it. The latter policy is a bad one, since in [illegible]

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

VERMONT ELECTION.—BRATTLEBORO, Vt., September 8.—Returns from 97 of the most populous towns, give Fairbanks, (Whig,) 10,200; Robinson, (Dem.,) 8,400; and Brainerd, (Free Soil,) 3,500. The remaining towns will not materially vary this vote. The Temperance Whigs voted for Robinson in large numbers. In ninety-six towns the Legislature stands 49 Whigs to 37 Democrats, and 10 Free Soilers.

BOSTON, Sept. 8.—Returns received here at the Atlas office from 164 towns in Vermont, give Fairbanks (Whig,) 16,410; Robinson, (Dem.,) 12,320, and Brainerd, (Free Soil,) 4,930. The Senate will probably be Whig. As regards the House, we hear of the election of 64 Whigs, 59 Democrats, and 15 Free Soilers.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—A so-called National Reformed Convention, announced to meet this morning in the Bowery Institute, began and ended in smoke.

About half an hour after the time appointed to commence proceedings, there was one of an audience; half an hour after there were three, and up to ten o'clock there was every appearance that it would be the best policy to adjourn the "Convention," without entering into business.

An hour and a-half after the call, there were a full half dozen to constitute the Convention. They were chiefly Germans, one of whom has figured already at the Woman's Demonstration at Metropolitan Hall. They gathered themselves into a group, in one corner of the Institute, discussed the subject in a friendly chit-chat manner, as over a pot of Lager Bier. At half-past ten, the Convention assumed something like a business form.

Mr. White was elected Chairman, and Victor Hurnot, Secretary.

The Chairman stated the object of the Convention, as published in the English, French and German papers, was to raise a standard of correct principles, around which the people could unite in political action, and they were now met to devise means for effecting that unity. The justification of such a step they considered obvious, from the fact that property had become paramount over the interests of man.

The Fugitive Slave Law was denounced, and liberty and equality for the whole human race advocated. It was the purpose of the Convention, if possible, to unite anti-slavery, temperance, woman's rights, &c., under one banner.

After the address was read several resolutions were submitted to the Convention.

On motion of Mr. Harnot, the Convention adjourned till 7½ o'clock this evening, leaving the resolutions open for discussion.

☞ Col. Forney will commence the publication of a new Democratic journal in New York, to be called "The Press," about the first of October, with abundant capital and backing. The President thoroughly endorses this enterprise, and "The Press" will secure all the available public patronage. Colonel Forney still intends to move again for the Clerkship of the House of Representatives.—*North American.*

[illegible]

FOREIGN ITEMS.

[illegible]

IMPORTANT CHURCH STATISTICS.

[illegible]

A NEW REPUBLIC IN AFRICA.—The African Repository, the official organ of the American Colonization Society, [illegible]

THE HON. MRS. NORTON IN COURT.

The following incident, with its exciting dialogue, took place lately in an English Court. It arose from a suit for debt, brought against the celebrated female writer, Hon. Mrs. Norton, by Messrs. Thrupp, coach builders, of Oxford Street, London. Mrs. Norton and her divorced husband, G. C. Norton, were present:

Mr. C. Dod, the Solicitor, appeared for the plaintiffs, and Mr. Needham, counsel, instructed by Messrs. Fladgate, Clark and Finch, conducted the defence.

The case, which was fixed for hearing some time ago, had been twice postponed on account of the non-attendance of certain witnesses, and an unusual degree of interest was excited, the Court being crowded to excess during the whole of the proceedings, which occupied several hours.

Mr. Dod said the claim was for £49 4s. 6d., for work and labor supplied by the plaintiffs to the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was the wife of the defendant. The defendant was a police magistrate for Lambeth, and also a member of the bar. The account of the plaintiffs had subsisted from the 17th of April, 1842, to the 17th of March, 1850, amounting to £184 4s. 6d., of which £135 had been paid in different instalments, leaving a balance of £49 4s. 6d., the amount sought to be recovered. He should prove that the work was duly performed, and that the orders were given by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, as the wife of the defendant, and that the charges were fair and reasonable. He (Mr. Dod) understood that a defence of non liability was about to be raised by reason of some separation, or some living apart, of the defendant from his wife. He should, however, be able to satisfy the Court that the account was a proper and reasonable one, and the items would show that they were such as befitted the station of a lady in the position of the defendant's wife. The plaintiffs had come into Court to show that their claim was a just one, and that they had nothing whatever to do with private differences between the defendant and his wife.

The Hon. Mrs. Caroline Norton, who was accommodated with a seat on the bench, was now examined by Mr. Dod.

She stated that she was the wife of the defendant, the Hon. George Capel Norton. She had been subpoenaed to that Court to produce the accounts of the plaintiffs for work and labor supplied by them to her from the year 1842 to the month of March, 1850.

Mr. Dod—What did the work consist of?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—Repairs to my carriage. I beg to observe, I am here against my will upon subpoena. I sent a statement of my case to Mr. Norton's solicitor.

The Court intimated that the witness had better confine herself to the questions of her advocate.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton (emphatically). I am here for justice, and as this is a Court of Justice [illegible]

The Hon. Mrs. Norton (with great energy)—I say it upon my oath—[illegible]—what?

Mr. Needham—Madam, [illegible] tragical, but it is not very polite.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—I am sorry not to be polite. I am in a very tragical state.

Mr. Needham—From what time—up to what time have you received £600 a-year?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—You have my banker's book at home.

Mr. Needham—Who paid it?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—Lady Palmerston; I don't know how it is paid.

Mr. Needham—When did you receive the last?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—It was in June or July; Lady Palmerston gave me something this year; nobody is bound to give me anything.

Mr. Needham—Have you received £600 a-year up to July in the present year?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—I have not had £600 a-year. I don't know how much my income falls short of that; but I have not received that.

Mr. Needham—In January, 1852, did you have £291 5s. on account of Lord Melbourne, placed to your account?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—I dare say I did. You have the book.

Mr. Needham—Now, in July of the same year, per Lord Melbourne, the sum of £291 5s. Did you have that?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—Yes. But Lord Melbourne is dead. No one is bound to give me one farthing. We are discussing simply whether my creditors are or are not to be paid.

After a vast many questions bearing upon the domestic relationship of the plaintiff and defendant, but which involved no matters of interest to the public, the examination was thus continued:

Mr. Needham—I ask you, madam, whether the £500 a-year allowed you by Mr. Norton was not upon the express condition that you should receive nothing from Lord Melbourne?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton (emphatically)—I did receive nothing, and, therefore, that condition could not be called into question. Mr. Leman (a solicitor) drew up the agreement of contract.

Mr. Needham—Was not the £500 a-year allowed upon the express condition that you should receive nothing from Lord Melbourne?

The Hon. Mrs. Norton—No.

A vast deal of correspondence between the Hon. Mr. Norton and Lord Melbourne was put in, the main charges contained in it being that the Hon. Mrs. Norton was "kept" by Lord Melbourne, and that the letters produced in evidence were stolen. The lady declared that all the letters found in her possession, and purporting to be addressed to other persons, were addressed to Lord Melbourne. The Hon. Mrs. Norton proceeded to say that she corresponded with Lord Melbourne until the day of his death, and she believed she was the last person who had communicated to him in writing.

The question of liability having been ably disputed.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton made a statement in [illegible]

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, SEPT. 10.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y. [illegible]

ERYSIPELAS, OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, No. 50 South Third Street.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

[illegible]

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & CO., BROKERS, No. 34 South Third St.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (fourteen lines) one insertion,		$2.00
" " "	three months,	$20.00
" " "	six months,	$35.00
" " "	a year,	$60.00

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Marion, Miss., Aug. 29, 1852.

MR. F. MAHAN,—I have had extraordinary success with your system of Garment Cutting, and in fact cannot do without it. I have used a great number of systems, but have never found one to equal yours. Yours, &c. W. W. DEVAULT

MONTROSE, Va., Aug. 18, 1853.

F. Mahan, Sir—Your system of Garment Cutting comes up to my most sanguine expectations, and is decidedly superior to * * * * * * In every respect you may consider me a regular subscriber. Yours, &c. JOHN GOODACRE.

Letters of the same purport are daily received from all parts of the Union by F. MAHAN, 211 Chesnut Street.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!
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Strike on, then, brave Mechanic!"

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A DINNER PARTY OF CELEBRITIES.

In December (1817) Wordsworth was in town, and as Keats wished to know him, I made up a party to dinner, of Charles Lamb, Wordsworth, Keats, and Monkhouse, his friend, and a very pleasant party we had. I wrote to Lamb, and told him the address, "22 Lisson Grove North, at Rossi's, half way up, right-hand corner." I received his characteristic reply.

"My dear Haydon—I will come with pleasure, to 22 Lisson Grove North, at Rossi's half way up, right-hand side, if I can find it.

Yours, C. Lamb.

20, Russel Court,
Covent Garden East,
half way up, next the corner
left hand side."

On December 28th, the immortal dinner came off in my painting room, with Jerusalem towering up behind us as a background. Wordsworth was in fine cue, and we had a glorious set-to—on Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Virgil.

Lamb got exceedingly merry, and exquisitely witty; and his fun in the midst of Wordsworth's solemn intonations of oratory was like the sarcasm and wit of the fool in the intervals of Lear's passion. Lamb soon got delightfully merry. He made a speech and voted me absent, and made them drink my health. "Now," said Lamb, "you old lake poet, you rascally poet, why do you call Voltaire dull?" We all defended Wordsworth, and affirmed there was a state of mind when Voltaire would be dull. "Well," said Lamb, "here's Voltaire—the Messiah of the French nation, and a very proper one too." He then, in a strain of humor beyond description, abused me for putting Newton's head into my picture—"a fellow," said he, "who believed nothing unless it was as clear as the three sides of a triangle."

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